

# Angie Martinez, Live From The Streets"(feat. Beanie Sigel, Brett, Kool G. Rap, The LOX

ANGIE MARTINEZ

Miscellaneous

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Ohhhhh.. senorita.. when the evening sun go down  
I come to.. serenade you.. from another part, of town  
[car tires peeling out]

Let's get it on it's Angie Mar' reportin live from the streets  
From Y.O. to Philly and Harlem to Q.B.  
When it drops it's game over, you'll see  
Introducing, Jadakiss and Styles P, where you at?

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
You know we still in the hood dog, in front of the store  
With the work across the street and the gun in the stall  
Soon as somethin happen niggaz wanna run to the law  
You know the code of the streets, never run to the law  
That's why I can't even run 'less I run with a four  
or I walk with a three, come and talk to 'em P  
You can catch me down bottom with a bird and a glock  
On the block makin money where they murder a lot  
Or you can catch me up top shootin dice for a yard  
I'm talkin six digits, niggaz bet the house or the car  
You can catch me hittin the spliff, sick in the pit  
On the fiend like I'm missin my shit, they think I'm crazy  
Catch me hittin your lady in my Mercedes  
Bird on your baby, fuck you I'm keepin it gravy  
L.O.X. hold the hammers  
like we waitin for screws  
With Angie Mar' BLOWIN MOTHERFUCKERS OUT OF THEY SHOES, WHAT?

Comin live from the streets where some died tryin to eat  
From Y.O. to Philly, from Harlem to Q.B.  
And when it drops, game over, you'll see  
Introducun, Beanie Sigel, tell me how you livin?

Aiyyo, I've been kickin murder - since Adidas with thick strings  
T.I. sweatsuits, Pumas with thick chains  
Four finger rings, black belts with brass names  
I was spittin flames since niggaz was pitchin change  
I'm a hard knock kiddo, always played the middle  
Threw flacks in the crack game, getchu if I can getchu  
Since a buck, played the highway, dodgin the troop boys  
Jumpin in and out of Coupes, wavin for Duke boys  
Always chased a penny, copped quarter waters  
Tried to make a dollar chased my pop's boss daughters  
Tryin to make my name, global, in all four corners  
Philly baller, gamin in all four quarters  
Never worked, never will - all my hoes buy my clothes  
I can't go broke, never will - all my bros buy my O's  
I'm the best thing that linked up with New York since Sprewell  
I murder, nuttin further - fill in the details

I'm here, it's over, fuck how y'all feel  
When I drop, y'all gon' realize it's all real  
Bein left for dead, tied up, smoke 'til I was dried up  
So high up, seem like the sky ducked, high what?  
Life was rough, but now it's nothin to hide

Used to click and be quick to put this gun to yo' side  
Be like, "That chain nice - I like that pal.  
Matter fact {click click\*} I'd like that now."  
You've got game? Call the name, just spell the name right  
Brett, one of the best rappers ever to touch a mic  
It's prophesized I'd write, spit scriptures mind blowin  
'til my coffin top close and heaven skies open  
Fear no man's my slogan, I hope y'all believe  
I'm just like you, fear nuttin human that bleeds  
My mind breed two movies, six ab-lums, a hundred poems  
Thirty R&B joints, I'm beyond the norm, y'all just mad  
I'm just glad, got my time to shine  
Y'all the type to hit three hundred bars and run out of rhymes

Brett, from my ByStorm family, with Angie  
Come live from the streets, from Harlem to Q.B.  
And when it drops, game over, you'll see  
Introducin, finally, the legendary Kool G.

It's B.G.S. kid so what you facin? Caps racin  
Decapitation twenty buck-fifties and lacerations  
Guerilla fam' camouflaged out in the grass waitin  
to bless your nation slash like Jason and bash your face in  
We ass lacin top bodies and half in the basement  
Our style, cast you so bad you'll need plastic replacement  
When gats is raised in, fascination blastin and blazin  
Evacuation for your whole staff there's gas in the tank and  
Gets back abrasions from cap grazin, defy gravitation  
Pull my shit back squeeze bust it like masturbation  
Hold fort, hold the blow torch, leave your soul scorched  
with no remorse, the state of New York, get your shit caught  
When niggaz hawk, let the fifth talk  
So tell me who's the next man to flip?  
I stop the beef shit, with rubber handled grips  
Your candle get lit, guerilla shit feed us banana clips  
The hammers hit, anything in our range we dismantle it

Like to say thanks to my street correspondents, for gettin on this  
Comin live and direct with no nonsense  
Sorry folks for hurtin y'all, the previous has been brought to you  
by "Up Close and Personal"